THE SOUTHERN BANNER.

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Poetical.

From the New York Mirror.

THE BROKEN PROMISE.

kept no promise—or none
[wi]th woman—and yet knowing this
[je]alous folly, still I trusted one
[an]d seemed so much like truth, that I

than learnt full oft before;
[lov]ed, because he said he'd come,
[wou]ld come—and then, night after night
the clouds and saw them pass away
bright moon and leave the clear blue

and serene, and beautiful
promises were broken e'er
Man forgets in his busy hours,
idle moments he hath said,
how often woman's happiness
[th]e lightest words. It is not things
[im]portance which affects the heart
Kisses often weave the net
of "bliss of human life,"
a deep and hidden grief that comes
that admit of no complaint;
of which we cannot, dare not speak,
seem but trifles, till the chain,
is fastened on each thought,
around the heart. They do their

and silence; but their power
than the open shafts
misfortune; and they pray
and spirit, till the bloom
changed to fever's hectic flush;
the charm of youth's first, brightest

out the pleasures of the world
length, the springs of life;
woman's fate. It is not thus
aspiring men. His mind is filled
lofty thoughts; and love and hope
warmest feelings of his heart
at cold ambition's shrine;
the whole world was made for him,
promises, nor hopes destroyed,
a place on memory's page;
woman, in her loneliness,
melancholy hours.
in her heart the idle word
meaning; and who lives in hope
the color from her cheeks,
from her eyes, who trusts her

ocean of uncertainty;
wrecked, she learns her lot to bear,
learn to die, but not forget;
to hoard her secret thoughts,
broken promises, and sigh
hopes, 'till she believes
of wickedness in the wide world
single heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

[LETT]ER FROM MAJ. DOWNING.

[From] THE NEW YORK EXPRESS.

[Bos]ton, 2d APRIL, A. D. 1839.

[DEA]R RIDDLE: I got your letter [that y]ou had quit the Bank, and in[deed y]ou could possibly so manage mat[ters as to go] farming. I know this has al[ways been y]our notion, and that you would [be happy] as you see all things clear [for] a man who has been cyphering you have for over twenty years now I think has a right to go [dig his] own potatoes and hoe his own [and ta]ke a little comfort in his own [but] somehow I feel, Squire, a little [lonesome], just as I did when the Gineral [went] home to the Hermitage; and left in your place as good a [man to mana]ge the Government, I hope you eye on matters and things and of your advice in matters as to Mr. Dunlap and his Cabi[net, as the G]ineral does to Mr. Van Buren [and his Ca]binet. The fact is, you and the always thought wasmade of the same kind of grit, and both [con]siderably overwork'd your the Gineral got the best pay. [I te]ll the Gineral—says I, "Gin[eral, you are] too good natured by half; you Government work, but you dip all kinds of work, that no ever thought on; and the fact did carry matters so far, or let him so far, that there was he was not mixed up with, at last that almost every old the country would'nt set a hen or calling on the Gineral to was the mast lucky number in the nest, 11 eggs or 13 almost wore him to skin and bone. I believe you was the only man that was able to out work the Gineral; and if it had'nt been that you was a little younger than he was, he'd make a tooth-pick on you as he did of pretty much all the rest of creation. But as I said before, I am considerably wamblecropt at your leaving public life—for now that the Gineral has gone to home, and you too, I feel somewhat cut out. Mr. Nan Buren don't seem to want my services no how I dont complain of that—I did expect to get a chance "Down East," but he selected GINERAL SCOTT—a man that outrank'd me all hollow; as he does pretty much every man nowadays.

Howsoever, *Gineral Scott* did'nt forget me, and said if there was any fighting to be done among the Loggers, he knew who he could count on, and look'd me strait in the face; and I sat down and writ a letter marked "*confidential*," to the "21 Brigade," and tell'd 'em to stand firm and obey no orders but Gineral Scott's—that he was *a National officer*; and when he said sholder hoo," then to march and follow him to *Houlton or Halifax*; or any other place beginning with *H*—if he chose to lead; and in that way they would not only have a *Fair-field*, but would be sure of a "*Win-field*," & that was more important.

In this matter of fighting, there is one thing I always kept my eye on, and I found Gineral Scott in the same way of thinking; and that is, to depend less on folks who say they are "ready to shed the last drop of blood" thad folks who are ready to shed the first drop. Give a man Eighty Dollars to make speeches in Congress, with the right of free postage, and you hear enuf of "last drop" matters; but when it comes to camp duty, and raw beef and stale bread, and baganet work, then the "first drop" folks have to stand the racket at 8 dollars a month. I tell'd Gineral Scott—says I, "Gineral, I suppose you would about as leave fight as eat, for that is your nature—but for my part, seeing as how things are gitting on remarkably smart now all over the country, and the spring of the year, too, and the new improvements every day, add the green leaves and grass, and the little children, all sprouting, and the canals and rail roads about half made, and the cotton crops just about beginning, and the banks all jist getting into specie paymen's, and every thing looking about slick—to say nothing about the steamboats crossing the Ocean every week—it does seem to me that won't help matters no how."

"I know that, Major," says he—"War is is a great calamity, and there aint only *one thig* worse," says he—straitening up pretty nigh like an Aroostook pine. "Go ahead, you crittur," says I; "and if there is any chopping to be done Down East, let me know." Well you see what he has done; and all I've got to say about it thus far is, that when you come to think that a man nigh upon seven feet high and straight as a bean pole, and all girt from one end to tother is willing to work lik a beaver at all pints—South and South west, North and Northeast, and *Down East*, to keep an honorable peace, and watching like lynx to see that the nation's honor is no ways siled—I do think, tho' a war would give me a considerable boost up in the world in military rank, *the man* who keeps the peace is, according to the Good Book, entitled to a blessing—especially if war is his trade.

There is one thing I think Mr. Van Buren deserves considerable credit for, and that is in commanding the services of such a man as Gineral Scott to manage all matters of this nature; and there is only one thing more I thing is wanting and that the People are entitled to; and that is, some one to manage the money matters of the country as well. I go on the principle that if a man does right in using the best plough he can get on his farm, and sowing the best grain—just so a President does right in calling into the service of the country the best talent the country has—the People are entitled to it—and if PARTY folks grumble, they should take it out in grumbling. Look what "Party" has dene already for some years back—"Scratch ploughing and smutty crops"—but enuf of this.

I thank you for your kind invitation to stop and eat Peaches with you *when they are ripe*," and, I remember you have got some capital early apple trees on your farm, I'll stop and take a bite on my way to the North, and a chance at the peaches when I return back, just by way of reminding you of old times in the bank—for just so sure you remember, when you tell'd folks *you thought* Peaches would be ripe in September, they would be down upon you to get a nip of Early Apples in June, and then fetch up on the Peaches afterwards.

The fact is Squire, I am desperately afraid, now that you and the Gineral have both back'd out and gone to get some quiet and rest, that a good many on us will have cause to feel that good times have gone by—only with this difference, that the Gineral's extra work came from his friends and punishing enemies," and you went on the principle feeding both—and one was about as hard work as tother.

As Amos Kindle hant got a Post Office nigh your farm, I send this letter to the New York Express," to print and send out, and I suppose you'll get somehow that was best.

Your friend in old times, and times present and times to come,

J. DOWNING.

Major Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY J. H. PERKINS.

It has been said that the morals of a city depend very much upon the manner in which it is laid out; if regular and full of allies, lanes and courts, there will inevitably be more of filth and iniquity therein, than if it be open, regular and airy. High houses and narrow passage-ways seem to breed vicious habits, as dark crevices do foul insects; at any rate they give shelter and shade. The ideal of a city would be realised when every passage-way was made broad and easy of access. It is an error therefore to build a town in squares for the interior of the squares become always, in a greater or less degree, sinks.

The mistake in the plan of Cincinnati, then, was, that the main squares are not traversed by large passage-ways; and many that seem without, noble and fine, are within foul and terrible to look upon. Under the very windows of the most beautiful and comfortable dwelling houses of our city are some of the most miserable hovels in existence, unnoticed because, in the interior of a square.

In the door-way of an old wooden house which stands unseen by the passer-by in the street, in the midst of one of the fine squares of Cincinnati, a white-woman, of some thirty years old, sat looking stupidly at the golden sky of the west. The beauty of God's Heaven soothed and interested her, though she knew not what influence it was that claimed her spirit. The house was miserably dilapidated; not a window remained whole; the weatherboarding was broken, and the chimney in ruins. Close to the feet of the sitting woman, the hogs were quarrelling for some remnant of her last meal; and upon the ash-heap by her side, a little girl, about four years old, was playing with a yellow shabby dog. Within, a straw-bed lay in one corner, and a block of wood from some lumber-yard contrasted strangely with a bureau veneered with showy mahogany.

"Mother," cried out a ragged and dirt-streaked boy, who come up kicking his furless fur-cap before him,—"John aint nowhere."

"He is," said the woman, without moving her eyes from the sky, "and if you don't fetch him in quick, mind yourself."

The boy gave the dog one kick that broght forth a simultaneous howl from the cur and child, and strolled out into the street again.

The twilight faded; the stars looked down upon the seething city, and though the stillness of the evening the boatman's song rose from the sluggish river and was listened to by many an ear far up town. The lady, leaning from her open window, heard it and ceasased fanning herself to catch the hearty tones; the gentleman, rocking in his piazza, heard it, and his cigar went out as his hand kept time with the quick notes; the servant girl caught the sound, and stood, cup and towel in hand, drinking in what reminded her of one who was braving the fever in the sout-west; the poor woman sitting on the threshold of that old frame house heard that song also, and years were annihilated by it; and she laid her head down upon her greasy apron, and cried—as the fallen alone ever do. While the fit was still on her, the boy whom she had sent out came back again, sullen and fierce—"He aint to be had," said he.

"Who? John? why aint he? who,ve you seen? what've you done?—Answer me Bill,—is John lost?

"For all I know," said the boy.

The woman caught up her little girl, threw her screaming, into the inner room, cast a shawl over her head, and seizing her sullen boy by the arm, walked out into Vine street.

"Now where did you see him last, Bill?" she said, pausing on the side walk.

"Down there," he growled, pointing to the opposite square which was nearly vacant.

Letting go of her son's arm, the woman began her search among the lumber-piles where the lost child had been last seen; while Bill shuffled along to a coffee-house close by, where a store-breaker was just then consulting with his compaions, and a young carpenter, fresh from New Hampshire, was trying to smile as he drank his dose of whiskey and water with a new bosom friend.

The clock of the second church struck 8; the groups about the corners were thinner, the laugh and shout, and oath were less frequent; more lights were seen in upper windows; the active and faitful were going to their beds; more than one man, during the evening had swung along to that old house in the centre of the square, had called for "Bet" and "Betsy" and "Bet Fowler," and having no answer, had sworn and slammed the door, and swung away again; now and then the little girl in the inner room had wakened, and whimpering a little, and sunk to sleep again, and once during the hour preceeding eight, Bill had crept in silently and placed something in, or taken something from, a drawer of the bureau. The clock of the second church struck 9, and the people in Fourth street having counted the strokes, were just about to talk again, when the bell of the public crier stopped all tongues;—"A child found;" shouted the functionary, "five years old; blue eyes, one black and one blue; red hair; very dirty; had on, when found, calico clothes, of no great value." Ding—ding; "stop," said a woman, seizing his arm, "its my child, where is he?" "He! who said it was a 'he'?" answered the bellman. 'Man,' said the mother, griping the arm of the officer, so that he felt his pleasantry ooze out of his finger ends, "tell me where he is." He hesitated. "For shame!" cried the spectators. 'Well, come along, then," said he, "and I wish you joy of your beauty." She said not a word, but followed him to a house from which she could look upon her own miserable home; there was her lost boy,—not now what he had been, but washed and clothed with cleen and decent though overlarge clothes.

"My good woman" said a lady, whose eye showed her sympathy "whereabouts do you live?"

"Down there," said the mother, pointing, and answering with a defiant and hard manner.

"Who shall I ask for?" inquired the lady.

"I would'nt go and ask for no one," replied the other bitterly.

"But," said the lady after a pause, "I want to help you; you look poor."

"I am poor, but no beggar," was the reply, and the woman turned and walked away, leaving her benefactor in a state of mingled surprise and horror.

"Is it possible," said that lady, the next morning at breakfast, "that so much misery exists close by us as that woman's looks would show?"

"It's a melancholy fact," said her husband.

"Nothing, as I see," and he opened the Gazette to see if any new books were advertised.

That day the lady went through the sqare to which the woman had pointed the night before, but saw nothing of her or her boy. She saw enough, however, to make her flesh creep; and could not rest when she went home till she had washed and dressed anew, the open air in which she had been, had seemed so thick with uncleanness to her. "And all this," she said to herself again and again, "is right under my window."

The next morning was rainy, that in the afternoon it cleared up, and putting on her thick shoes, and bracing her courage to the highest, once more this lady went forth to find the woman whose child she had clothed two days before. "Surely," said she, "if the mother could go abroad at night to find him when lost from her, I may venture by daylight to seek those lost to comfort, joy, and I fear to virtue and their Father in Heaven.

She went, and not in vain, for she came this time suddenly upon the mother with the little boy by her side and a still younger child in her arms.

"I tried to find you yesterday"

"I know it."

"How do you know it?"

"I saw you, and hid away."

"For what, in mercy's sake?"

"Because I don't want your money."

"But I may get you work, and your children places, if you have any older than these."

"Will you walk in?" said the poor woman, opening the door, which swung from one hinge. Her visitor shrunk, and hesitated for an instant; but choked down her disgust and went in.

"What may your name be?" said the tenant of the building, wiping off the block of wood, the only seat in the room.

"Mrs. Ellis is my name," said the lady.

"And why do you want to help me?"

"Because you seem to kneed it."

"And so do dozens and hundreds that's innocenter and cleverer than I, Miss."

"Are there many in want about here?"

"Many! that there be. I wish you could ha' seen 'em crowd round one log that I fished out o' the river when my petticoats was as stiff as a board afore I well got ashore, Oh! what a crowing there'd be down here, if that board roof of yourn would only burn up some sharp night. But you need'nt be scared, it an't you, Miss, that we hate, it's the whole world?"

"But why do you hate the world."

"Because I have nothing to eat."

"Do you ever go to church?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

The woman literally howled as she answered—'Church! there's a church! I could throw a stone into the window. I used to go there, but not now, I found 'em out. How could I go to church with this on my back? When I went there, and dressed genteel, and had no rags and few sins on my shoulders the minister never come near me, he never knowed me in the street, though him and me met frequent.—And when the pinch come, and the Devil come, then he gave me to fire and brimstone because I would'nt starve."

"What caused your poverty?" said Mrs. Ellis, shuddering.

"I scare you, don't I?" said the woman, "but don't be scared. Bet Fowler never hurt no one."

"Is your name Fowler, then?"

"That was my husband's name when I had one."

"And where is he?"

"He left me years ago. He was a drunkard, and he left me when I did'nt hardly know what hunger or harm meant.

"And how have you lived since?"

"Lived! I havn't lived! When I think of my father's house, and the stoop where I used to sit and hark of an evening to the boatmen singing,—Fowler was a boatman and followed the river regular; he drank some when he married;—however, as I was saying, when I think of them times it seems to me I died years ago."

"Would you tell me your whole story?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"I a'nt no story."

"But your life, you've had a strange life."

"Strange! bless you its the commonest life going. Dissipation, and want, and despair, and evil,—them a'nt strange."

"But tell me how you come here, and when your husband left you?'

The unfortunate woman, who had thus far been standing by the door, touched by the voice and look of interest, came in and sitting down on the straw-bed, bowed her head between her knees for a moment, and then lifting her face, which had lost something of its stupid and sullen look, told her short tale.

Her husband had been a river trader, clever and affectionate when sober, but given to frolicking. He had brought his wife to Cincinnati soon after their marriage, and they had lived quite comfortably; but within two years his habits became worse than ever, and at last he had left her to take a boatload of flour to Natchez and New Orleans, from which time she had never heard from him After he went she lived for a while on his credit, and when that was gone had to pledge her furniture and clothing for food.—She next tried work, but her little boy first sick, and then she was herself confined: debt came in consequence; people shunned her: she wrote to her father, and the post master sent back word that he was dead; she asked assistance of strangers, some gave food and some gave money, but all gave she thought, in the hope of getting rid of her. She went to the physicians, hoping to get a place as nurse. She could find no place—but one of those whom she visited marked her as a creature fast verging to that point when vice might seem virtue. He watched her; helped her; condoled with her; abused the heartless world; sneered at the virtue which suffered others or one's-self to starve; and in the end, succeeded in his worse than murderous purpose. From that day degredation went on rapidly; as she said herself, it seemed to her that she died then.

Mrs. Ellis listened with surprise to a tale such as hundreds might tell, and felt her blood curdle as the hitherto unknown terrors of poverty were opened to her:—And all this has been going on under my eyes, she said, "and how easily might it have been prevented." But the question now as to the woman now before her was not prevention but cure. "Mrs. Fowler," said she "you would change if you could?" The woman started at the unaccustomed title, and shook her head in bitter despair. "Who'd trust me?" said she; I'd be put in jail in a week on suspicion if I quit my trade."

Her friendly visitor knew not what to reply, for the whole dreadful gulf was beyond her vision; but having asked her wants, and bade her be of good cheer, she sought her clergyman, before whom she laid the whole case. And to him, strange to say, the case was full of new features; busy in his parochial duties, his easy benevolence, his theology and botany, this good man had gone on ignorant that such instances of want, and dispair, and temptation were all about him. He said he would inquire; he hoped something might be done; he wished he knew what to do; he determined he would do something. So taking his hat and cane, he sought his friend and adviser, Deacon X.; he having heard the story advised at once that the woman should be sent into the country with her children, and though he might get her a place if she knew any thing of dairy matters.

"Mrs. Ellis soon learned that before her marriage she had been used to the care of the cows, and in a few weeks arrangements were made, and old frame house in the centre of the square was tenantless.

A year has passed since that fallen woman was placed again upon the way to truth and hope. Her careless and lazy habits, her despondency and sullen temper are not wholly gone yet; and Bill Fowler is the dread of the neighborhood. but still a great step has been taken, a great victory won; and Mrs. Ellis often thanks God that she found that lost child;—for, but for that child, she might to this day have known nothing of the sin and suffering of the unknown and unspoken agony that was "right under her eyes," and which no one is now more busily engaged in relieving than she.

[From the N. Orleans Picayune.]

FUN ON BOARD A STEAMBOAT.

Playing a Strong Game with a Poker. Player.

Not long since a gambler had a game played upon him by the deck hands and firemen on board one of our Western steamers—a game even stronger than that played on our Second Municipality on this class of the community in N. Orleans.

It seems that he had made out to "strike up a small game" of poker with some of the deck hands and that by dint of cheating, putting up the cards, and other tricks known only to those up to and who make a living by "handling the papers," he has transferred nearly all the surplus revenue from their pockets into his own. He "cut and shuffled" to all appearance fair for some time, but was finally caught at some trick which at once led the honest steamboat men into the secret of "how the thing was done," and proved that they had lost their money by any other than the "clean thing."

The game, as a matter of course, was "blocked" at once, and a demonstration immediately made that the gambler should fork over his illgotten gains. This he flatly refused to do—said that he had won the money fair, and that he was very clear of parting with what he had come *honestly* by. They still persisted, and he still refused.

The boat at length stopped to wood, when the men, finding it useless to attempt regaining their money by fair means, resorted to a plan which the gambler undoubtedly thought foul. Having gained the consent of the engineer to use the engine for a short time, they forthwith put a plan in execution—a plan rather bordering on that code of laws generally known as coming under the especial jurisdiction of Judge Lynch.

They in the first place made one end of a rope fast around the neck of the wandering gambler, while the other was tied to the end of the piston rod, allowing him only two or three feet slack.—They told him that unless he shelled out the money instantly they would work the engine, and at the same time that they were not responsible for any injuries he might sustain. Loth to give up his gains the fellow cast one look at the new system of extortion, cooly calculated his chances and then told them "they might work away and be d——d."

No sooner said than done; and the gambler was immediately seen first chasing the piston rod upon all-fours and then backing out of its way. His eye all the time was as firmly set upon the rod as ever that of Herr Cline or Gabriel Ravel was upon the tight rope. After working him forward and back several times, one of his tormenters asked him.

"Dont you think it best to hand over?"

"Dond bother me," retorted the gambler.

"You'll get sick of that fun," said another of the boatsmen, as he was following the piston rod up in the attitude of a bear.

"Not as you knows on," rejoined the gambler, as he backed out of its way.

In this way they ran upon the poor fellow for some time, he still manifested an unwillinguess to give up the spoils By this time all of the cabin passengers had heard of the fun going on below, and went down to witness it. After a few moments respite the engine was again set in motion, and the gambler along with it. The laugh from the bystanders was boisterous and hearty in the extreme as the poor fellow, intent upon nothing but his own safety, followed the piston rod up to prevent his neck being jerked off, and then backed out of its way to avoid being fairly run over and crushed. We can liken his looks and actions to nothing save an old bear being dragged by a chain up to some point against his will and backing out the moment a foot of slack was given him; or else to a savage and hungry bull dog with a rope round his neck, fiercely endeavoring to get at some prey and then being dragged back the moment his mouth was opened to secure it.

"Fire, and fall back," was heard from an individual in the crowd.

"Root hog, or die," came from another."

"Twig him—only look!" says one.

"Here he goes; there he goes," said a second.

"Ha ha, he he, hi hi, ho he," laughs another.

"Aint he in a pretty fix," cried still a third.

"Serves him right," says a fourth.

"Good enough for him," said a fifth, the piston rod all the while keeping him in full exercise, with the perspiration rolling down his cheeks in streams.

"Aint you most ready to hand over now?" said one of the plucked deck hands.

"Dont bother me, I say," retorted the gambler, "If you do I'll loose my lick."

"Wont you give up the money?" said another of those who he had fleeced.

"If I do I do; but if I do, I'm d——d," continued the companion of the rod. "I've got the hang of this game—understand the principles of this machinery now, and you may work me from one end of the Mississippi to the other before I'll give up the first red cent—that you may."

The gambler was worked in this way until the boat was ready to start, without flinching or showing any disposition to give up. Considering that they had got the worth of their money out of him in the shape of fun, and that he had worked hard and afforded sufficient amusement to more than compensated for their odd bits and picayunes, the engine was stopped and the man let loose.

After puffing, blowing, and wiping the perspiration from his face, the gambler looked at his tormenters with a self-satisfied air, and exclaimed. "You cant come it over this child with any of your common games. I have stood three pluck, one, too often to be bluffed off even if there was forty against me. Any time you want to get up another game, and there's any thing to be made by it, I'm your man."

The boat was soon under way and all hands adjourned to theisr respective callings.

A Tougher—Some one was telling Sam Hyde about the longevity of the mud turtle, 'Yes,' said Sam, 'I know all about that, for I once found a venerable fellow in my meadow, who was so old he could hardly wiggle his tail, and on his back was carved (to'e able plain considering all things) these words. *'Paradise, Year 1, Adam.'*

HAPPINESS.—(*A new definition*)—A soft couch by the fire, a new novel, a pretty wife, a dozen cigars, a bottle of port, easy slippers, a good conscience and a smalling babe.